814

POEMS

ON

SEVERAL OCCASIONS.


BRITISH MUSEUM

POEMS

ON

SEVERAL OCCASIONS,

Written chiefly in the remoter Parts of

CUMBERLAND AND NORTHUMBERLAND,

BY

JOHN JACKSON.

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BRITISH MUSEUM

TO

THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

FREDERIC,

EARL OF CARLISLE, VISCOUNT MORPETH,
AND BARON GILSLAND,

As the moſt proper patron of a ſpecies of writing which his pen has contributed ſo much to adorn—as the proprietor of the ſoil—the hereditary friend, guardian, and benefactor of that part of the country in which they were principally written, this volume of Poems is humbly dedicated, by

His Lordſhip's

Moſt humble and

Devoted Servant,

April 20th,
1797.

JOHN JACKSON.

PREFACE.

WHEN a man finds himſelf placed at a diſtance from the buſy walks of life, and in ſearch of amuſement muſt look for it in the contemplation of thoſe ſtill ſcenes of nature with which he is ſurrounded, his mind, if it has any tincture of ſenſibility, will acquire a ſtrong reliſh for what conſtitutes the ſource of its enjoyment, and he will endeavour to preſerve by ſome means or other the images of thoſe objects

on

on which he has been accuſtomed to dwell with ſo much delight. Such, he believes, rather than any opinion of his talents at deſcription, were the cauſes that led the author to attempt this ſpecies of writing. Living in a country abounding in every variety of ſcenery, as he could not behold with indifference the ſtriking proſpects that every where met his view, ſo he could not forbear attempting to deſcribe what he found in himſelf ſo great a diſpoſition to admire. It may further be obſerved, that in thoſe remote places, the inhabitants even of an extenſive diſtrict, ſecluded as they are from the reſt of the world, appear but as ſo many individuals compoſing one large family, the concerns

cerns of each falling under the obſervation of all; and the general ſentiment ſuperſeding in a great meaſure the uſe of laws. Here, whatever happens, carries with it a degree of intereſt which the ſame circumſtance could never have produced in more crowded ſocieties. Does a worthy family ſmart under any of thoſe diſpenſations with which Providence is ſometimes pleaſed to afflict the moſt virtuous? the whole country participates in its diſtreſs.—Is the peace of the community likely to be diſturbed by any offence committed againſt public order and decorum? a copy of verſes, or a ſong, ſerves as a vehicle for the general ridicule, to chaſtiſe and ſilence the offender. Upon incidents ſuch as

theſe moſt of the following pieces are built, and they are offered to the Public with all that diffidence which a man habituated to retirement feels when he firſt makes his appearance in the world. If he has ſucceeded in adding his mite to the ſtock of general entertainment, his end is anſwered: if he fails, he hopes that the indulgence uſually granted to thoſe whoſe only aim is to pleaſe, will be extended to him, and the intention be taken for the deed.

GILSLAND-WELLS,

A

DESCRIPTIVE POEM.

ADVERTISEMENT.

GILSLAND-WELLS, or, as they are ſometimes called, WARDREW-WELLS, are two medicinal ſprings of different qualities; which take their riſe at the diſtance of about a mile from each other, out of that part of the north-eaſt extremity of Cumberland called GILSLAND:—A place of conſiderable reſort, in ſummer, from all parts of the kingdom; not only on account of the waters, but alſo the vaſtneſs and variety of proſpect which the place affords; as well as the profuſion of Roman antiquities which are every where ſcattered over the face of the country. In this laſt reſpect it is, perhaps, unequalled by any part of Great Britain.

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GILSLAND-WELLS.

Rura mihi et rigui placeant in vallibus amnes,
Flumina amem, ſylvaſque inglorius!

VIRG.

O THOU in whom ſuperlatively ſhine
All the ſoft graces which adorn the ſex,
Now, while the heart-applauding taſk thou prov'ſt,
To cheer lone Virtue ſtruggling with diſtreſs!
To ſearch the haunts of Poverty, and thence
To draw the wretch oppreſs'd beneath its hand!

Say, wilt thou lend awhile thy gentle ear
To the rude Eſſay of a ruſtic Bard,
Who deep enamour'd of the pleaſing theme
Attempts the beauties of thy natal ſeats,
Where Nature, awful Nature, reigns ſupreme,
Scorning the aid of ineffectual Art.

Now when the vernal Sun with radiant glow
Paints with its earlieſt bluſh the eaſtern hills,
Far let me wander from the haunts of men,
Where the rude rocks, deep vales, and winding ſtreams
A ſacred pleaſure yield; beyond whate'er
Miſtaken mortals find in joys of ſenſe.
Here, from the noiſe of cities far retir'd,
Full of the pleaſing ſubject, let me rove,
And ſing the varying proſpects as they riſe.

In ancient times, when pierc'd with native ſwords
Through every pore forlorn Britannia bled,
Here hoſtile bands oft mix'd in bloody fray,
Urg'd by ſome northern chieftain's vengeful ire,
Or keener thirſt of ſpoil*. Then from her hills
Bleak Scotia pour'd her ſons! An iron race!

No

* Were both Hiſtory and Tradition ſilent as to the ſtate of this county before the two kingdoms became united, the appearance of the farm-houſes built previous to that period would ſufficiently indicate the unhappy ſituation in which their former inhabitants muſt have lived. Each is a kind of fortreſs; the walls of which being ſix or ſeven feet thick, of a rough unhewn ſtone, ſupport an arched roof (called by the country people a penn'd roof) of the ſame materials. A large beam, entering the wall on each ſide, ſerved for a bolt to a maſſy door of oak, which was ſtill made more ſecure by being ſtuck full of large

 broad-

No ſpark of pity touch'd their callous breaſts;
No ſad reflection of the woe they caus'd;
But furious, wild, and fierce they bore along.
As when a troop of wolves, who all day long
Have rang'd the Alpine ſnows, ſoon as the night
In fatal eaſe hath ſunk the drowſy world,
Down, down they ruſh to the ſubjected plain,
Spreading promiſcuous death at every bound:
Thus on our fields the rude deſtroyers came,
And made abortive all the bounteous year.

broad-headed nails. It was here where the wretched inhabitant, upon the approach of night, having folded his cattle, aſcended by a ladder through a trap door into the upper part of the houſe, which alone was occupied by the family. All this precaution was uſed, and all was but too often ineffectual, to guard againſt the depredations of thoſe Northern banditti called Moſs Troopers.

The

The flying ſwain, oft as he turns, perceives
All that he wrought for in the lab'ring ſpring,
For which he bore the ſummer's fervid blaze
And gave his ſtrength to autumn's bending toil,
Now buried wanton in devouring flame.
And ſtill to aggravate this ſcene of woe,
He ſees his cattle driven from their ſtalls;
His weeping fam'ly ſwell the plunderers' train,
Calling in vain upon his well-known name.
Then all the parent ruſhes on his ſoul,
And here and there the wretch diſtracted runs,
Curſing his birth, and vainly rails at Heav'n.

The ſcene is chang'd: for now internal peace
And all the bright-hair'd progeny of Heaven
Look down propitious on our happy iſle.
Science uprears her head: the Gothic gloom
That buried man and all his pow'rs in ſloth

Now flies diſorder'd from her piercing eye.
Man feels his native weight: he ſees himſelf
Not as in feudal days th' obſequious ſlave
Of ſome proud tyrant's will; but free as air,
Save by thoſe ſocial bonds himſelf hath form'd,
And ſtill protected by their guardian powers,
He ſcorns the malice even of a Lord.

But come, my Muſe! purſue thy purpos'd way.
Come, let us ſtretch acroſs yon ſea of waſte
To where above the ſcreaming curlew's flight
The Black-ſpye Mountains' heath-clad ſummits riſe:
Or is this ſcene too much? Then let me rove
Where tumbling headlong down its rocky ſteep
Proud Croma-lyn aſtounds the liſt'ning ear.

Heav'ns, what a ſcene! How awfully ſublime
Rolls

Rolls the mad torrent down the foaming height!
What pleaſing terror ſteals upon the ſoul,
As on thoſe banks high nodding o'er the deep
One views far up the river's varied maze,
Now madly daſhing 'mongſt the broken rocks
That fall inceſſant from the cliffs above;
Now gently leading on its peaceful wave,
While not a ſtone diſturbs the ſleeping tide!
Again it darts along its narrow banks,
Again it ſpreads into a limpid plain:
Till at the rocky brink at laſt arriv'd,
And there collecting all its wat'ry force,
In one broad whit'ning ſheet it thund'ring falls!

Secure, for ages, in theſe lonely ſeats,
Here brooding Solitude hath held her reign;
Sooth'd with the murmurs of the falling ſtream
Join'd to the moping ſcreech-owl's harſher note,

Who

Who from yon yew-tree's mutilated trunk
Repeats her veſpers to the liſt'ning night:
Save when diſturbed by the vagrant foot
She flits in ſilence through the moonlight glade.

Around me nought but pathleſs heaths are ſeen,
Untrodden wilds, and ſolitary waſtes:
Save tow'rds the eaſtern ſun, I dimly ken
Along the craggy brow of yonder hill
The mouldering ruins of the Roman-Wall *;
Which, though impervious to the Pictiſh ſword

* The place here alluded to is a range of rocks called Wall-town Craggs, on which may ſtill be ſeen, a conſiderable portion of the celebrated wall as built by Severus from ſea to ſea, to reſtrain the incurſions of the Barbarians.

And

And all the added force of Northern foes,
Now yields at length to Time's all-conquering hand,
And falls ſubdu'd by ſixteen hundred years!
What cannot Time, relentleſs pow'r, effect?
The lofty turret and the regal dome,
With every ſtructure pride and wealth can raiſe,
By thee, O Time, are humbled in the duſt.
Nay, man himſelf, aſpiring haughty man,
Creation's lord, thy dire effects muſt feel.
Ere a few winters ſhed their annual ſnows,
His face divine reſigns its wonted bloom,
And furrow'd deep denotes thy tyrant ſway:
His limbs, where join'd in friendly union ſhone
Proportion, ſtrength and beauty, now bereft
Of all their boaſted vigor, hardly bear
His ſtiff unwieldy body from the ground.
Or far more dreadful ſtill! the godlike mind,

Smote

Smote by thy ſlow but ſtill unerring hand,
To ſecond chiidhood falls, and weeps for toys.

But ſee, the proſpect opens on the view!
Lo, wrapt in clouds ſcarce pervious to the eye
Bleak Caledonia's dreary mountains riſe,
Far to the north horizon's utmoſt verge
Stretching immenſe their ſolitary way!
Contraſting this, look down yon weſtern vale,
Where Cultivation holds his ſmiling reign;
Where herds and flocks ſucceſſive ſtrike the eye,
And embryo harveſts full of ev'ry hope,
And duſky towns, and cities loſt in ſmoke,
And woods, and plains, and gently ſwelling hills,
Within whoſe tufted boſom, now conceal'd,
Now faintly gleaming in a ſheety lake,
In mazy errors Irthing rolls his wave,
And ſeems to linger as he ſteals along.

Still

Still piercing farther through this verdant waſte
New beauties riſe at each tranſporting view,
Till bending heav'n ſeems mixed with the ſea,
That bounds at length this heart-enliv'ning ſcene.

What tho' in Indian climes the fruitful ſoil,
Impregn'd by potent ſuns, throws out profuſe
The orange, cocoa, and the bluſhing grape:
What tho' eternal ſunſhine gilds the plains
Of frantic Gallia, where a guilty race
Involve the moral atmoſphere in night:
There grows not peace nor joy, nor that fair flow'r
Whoſe ſilken texture fears alike the graſp
Of wild diſorder and the deſpot's hand:
Here, though no lux'ries own the frugal glebe,
Though barren mountains riſe at ev'ry view,
Yet here grows Freedom in perennial bloom,
And peaceful plains and temp'rate ſkies are ours,

And lucid ſtreams, and life-renewing ſprings.
Fir'd at the thought, I turn my eager ſteps
To yonder rock, whence iſſuing from its ſide
A healing Fount, with ſpirit deep infus'd
Of potent ſulphur, burſts forth into day.
And here the Muſe would ſtay her weary flight;
Here fondly linger where my careleſs youth
In mute aſtoniſhment hath frequent ſtood,
When down th' impending cliffs the wintry floods
Impetuous roll'd: or from the glimm'ring ſteep
The huge fantaſtic icicle did form
Whate'er Romance conceiv'd of magic groves,
Gigantic forms, and tow'rs, and caſtles drear;
While deep beneath, along the narrow dell
Amid the ruin it had lately made,
Wail'd the ſad Demon of the laſt night's ſtorm*.

Here

* As we approach within a ſhort diſtance of the principal fountain,

Here then we'll reſt: for now the circling ſun
Has almoſt finiſh'd his diurnal round;

fountain, the way lies at the foot of a rocky precipice at leaſt an hundred feet high, the top of which, in ſeveral places, forms a ſtupendous kind of canopy to the road that winds along its bottom. Here, eſpecially in winter, and at the breaking up of a froſt, large maſſes of earth, intermixed with roots and buſhes, trees and fragments of the rock are continually falling, ſo that the road is in a manner covered with them.—A few years ago ſo large a portion of the rock gave way, that the ſhock occaſioned by its fall was miſtaken in the neighbourhood for that of an earthquake. After ſeparating into two, one of the parts rolled into the river, the other blocked up the way ſo effectually as to render it impaſſable, till a path was made through the obſtacle by the force of gunpowder. A perſon returning from the well had providentially paſſed the place a moment before.

And as he hovers o'er his wat'ry bed
Looks mildly cheerful from his weſtern throne
Of burniſh'd clouds, that drink his ſetting ray.
Drawn by the cooling freſhneſs of the hour,
A various tribe, by various aims impell'd,
In crowds ſucceſſive fill thoſe well-known walks
That lead them pleas'd to yon frequented rill;
Some to inhale and breathe a purer air,
To catch freſh ſpirits from the healthful breeze
That, bruſh'd o'er yon extenſive fields of broom,
Chaſes the lazy blood with double flow
Through all the channels of the languid veins :—
For pleaſure ſome, and ſocial gay converſe:
Some to deceive and kill the tedious time
That heavy hangs upon their vacant minds :
Others, the truly wretched of our kind,
With anxious looks and feeble gait, repair
To quell the rage of agonizing pain.

For ſcarce Bethſeda, fam'd in ſacred writ,
Whoſe troubled pool each morning felt the God,
E'er wrought more wonders than this humble rill!
Here, fatal colic's ſharp convulſive pangs,
And racking ſtone, and ſcurvy, loath'd diſeaſe!
And ſhivering agues, with a various train
Of ails unnumber'd, find a ſpeedy cure.
Its healing power yon motley rout atteſt,
Who preſs tumultuous to the guſhing fount;
Where having quench'd diſeaſe with copious draughts,
To pleaſure give the yet remaining hours.
Some, thrown ſupine upon the terrac'd bank,
Admire the grandeur of the hanging rocks
That frown horrific o'er their gazing heads:
With grateful tongue, ſome garrulous recount

The wondrous virtues of the Holy Well *:
With renovated ſtrength ſome active try
The leap, the wreſtle, and the jocund dance.
Some, aided by the temp'rate evening hour,
And the light breeze that curls the dimpled pool,
With artful hand prepare the fatal fly
To lure the wat'ry people from their haunts,
And give that pain themſelves ſo eager ſhun.

Thus paſs unheeded the gay fleeting hours,
Till, unperceiv'd, Night ſteals upon the earth;

* So called by the country people, in common with almoſt all medicinal ſprings by the ſame claſs of mankind. This proceeds from a pretty general feature in human nature, in aſcribing whatever is above its comprehenſion to preternatural cauſes.

And, as with gradual hand ſhe draws her veil
Of ebon tincture o'er the buſy world,
Fainter diſtinction ſeems, and fainter ſtill,
Till quite abſorbed in the gen'ral gloom
All Nature ſinks, and order is no more.

INSCRIPTION

AFFIXED TO THE ROCK FROM WHICH THE PRINCIPAL FOUNTAIN ISSUES.

When Meribah's ſtream, by Moſes' potent rod,
Burſt from the rock a bright refreſhing flood,
The wond'ring Tribes ſoon dropp'd their unbelief,
And bleſs'd that Pow'r who ſent them thus relief:
But ſure, to Heav'n a double debt we owe,
Who bade this rill replete with health to flow!
Not thirſt alone its virtues can aſſuage,
But dire diſeaſes, arm'd with deadlieſt rage;
Can eaſe the wretch, when rack'd with fierceſt pain,
And call the fleeting ſoul to its lov'd ſeat again.

SONG

SONG IN THE SCOTTISH DIALECT,

ON A PERSON WHO APPEARED FOR A SHORT TIME, IN A CERTAIN VILLAGE IN NORTHUMBERLAND, IN THE MOTLEY CHARACTERS OF CONJURER, SCHOOLMASTER, AND FIELD PREACHER, TO THE GREAT ADMIRATION OF THE INHABITANTS.

Tune—*Gillicranky.*

O HA' ye ſeen that wondrous chiel
That 's come to Simonburn, man?
They ſay, that he can raiſe the De'il,
For ony needfu' turn, man!

Gif he've a mind to tak' a dance
Amang the Lapland crew, man;
Or on a beſom ride to France,
He needs but gie a whew, man!

Should gear be loſt, or claiſe be ſtown,
Ye needna much lament, man;
Gang ye to him, and mak' yer moan,
He' ll gie ye ſoon content, man:
He' ll draw a circle round and round,
And gie an unco ſtare, man;
Syne, if the goods be above ground,
He' ll gar them ſoon appear, man.

But for the loon ſae void o' grace
That dares to tak' them aff, man;
He'll gar him ſtand wi' a het face,
To a' the fowk a ſcoff, man:

For

For to the kirk he maun them hag,
Upon his thriftleſs back, man,
Like ony beggar wi' his bag,
Or chapman wi' his pack, man.

But he can do mair feats than theſe,
Ye neeſt maun underſtand, man,
For au' yer prieſts and dominees
To him are caff and ſand, man.
For he can tell ye, to a hair,
The content of Noah's Ark, man;
How mony deals he had to ſpare,
When he had done his wark, man.

Ye ken that mony a learn'd divine
Is aft right ſair perplext, man,
In clearing up a doubtfu' line,
Or dark myſterious text, man:

But mount him on a three-legg'd ſtool,
And let him doff his coat, man,
Ye'd ſwear it was an oracle
Was ſpeaking through his throat, man.

The road to Heav'n, ye 've heard them ſay,
'S been miſs'd by mony a ane, man;
But he 's found out a canny way,
And eaſy to be gane, man:
For wad ye lead a haly life,
And be a ſaunt complete, man,
Ye 've nought to do but bang yer wife,
And keep her ſcant o' meat, man.

In ſhort, were I as tough as wire,
And had I fifty tongues, man,
And had I chafts that ne'er wad tire,
And ſtout Stentorian lungs, man;

Within the langeſt ſimmer's day
His feats I could na' tell, man:
And ſae 'tis needleſs mair to ſay—
Ye maun gang ſee himſel, man.

TO A VERY YOUNG LADY,

UPON HER QUITTING THE ROOM IN SOME CONFUSION, AFTER STRIVING IN VAIN TO REPRESS HER TEARS, WHILE THE AUTHOR WAS READING, TO A CIRCLE OF FRIENDS, THE WILL OF THE LATE UNFORTUNATE LOUIS XVI.

Dear Senſibility! Source inexhauſted of all that is precious in our joys, or coſtly in our ſorrows!

STERNE.

WISH not to check that pearly drop,
That gliſtens in thine eye;
Nor bid that tide of ſorrow ſtop,
That ſwells the frequent ſigh!

That cheek unſtain'd by guilt or ſhame
In Pity's cauſe may glow;
And ſure the grief deſerves no blame,
Rais'd by another's woe.

I ſaw the conflict in thy breaſt,
And mark'd the riſing tear,
When the ſad tale a King expreſs'd
Firſt ſtruck thy gentle ear.

O ill-ſtarr'd Prince! A better fate
Thy virtues well might claim!
No crime was thine, to rouſe their hate
That damp'd thy vital flame!

What though, when ſlain by ruffian hands,
No weeping friends were there;
Yet thou art mourn'd in foreign lands,
And wept by Britiſh Fair.

And thou, dear maid, when life's ſhort day
Shall cloſe upon thy view,
When, ſpite of all that Atheiſts ſay,
Thou find'ſt thy Bible true;

Then ſhalt thou know, that not in vain
That gen'rous tear was given:
Louis ſhall ſearch the happy train,
To thank thee for't in Heav'n.

HORACE,

HORACE, *ODE XVI. BOOK II.*

IMITATED.

Inſcribed to THOMAS R—Y, *of P—d, Eſquire.*

Otium Divos rogat———

R—Y! for peace the ſailor cries,
When black'ning ſtorms obſcure the ſkies,
And rouſe the angry flood:
For peace the madd'ning ſons of France
In arms againſt the world advance;
But peace with them is blood.

My friend! Nor gems, nor Tyrian dye,
Nor all a Nabob's wealth can buy

A calm

A calm and quiet breaſt :
Nor can Marat, with all his braves,
Keep Conſcience back with clubs and ſtaves—
The wicked ne'er can reſt.

Happy the Swain whoſe homely joys
Are far remov'd from Faction's noiſe,
And fear no tyrant's frown !
Such as, O Britain, till thy plains,
Where equal law at once reſtrains
The cottage and the crown.

Why ſhould that ſhort-liv'd creature, man,
For years of future greatneſs plan,
Which he may ne'er behold ?
Why tempt diſeaſe on Afric's ſhore,
And ſtain his hands with human gore,
For ſake of curſed gold ?

In vain to foreign climes we roam,
Our vices find us ſtill at home;
In vain ourſelves we fly.
What baniſh'd convict quits the trade?
Will Barrington be honeſt made
Beneath a ſouthern ſky *?

With rapid flight, ſee Care approach!
It mounts behind the Lord-May'r's coach,
And climbs the Judge's chair!
Nay, ſtrange to tell! 'tis often known
To neſtle in a ſleeve of lawn,
And hatch its vipers there!

* It is with pleaſure that this interrogatory can now be anſwered in the affirmative; and that a character once ſo obnoxious to ſociety is in a fair way of becoming a valuable acquiſition to it.

Be mine to uſe the preſent hour,
To catch the joy that 's in my pow'r,
Nor dread to-morrow's frown :
Will grief repair a worn-out coat ?
Will 't in one's pocket put a groat,
Or make a pill go down ?

Surely, dear Sir, we judge amiſs,
If we ſuppoſe that human bliſs
Exiſts without alloy.
See Elwes curſt with wealth and years,
And Chatterton demands our tears,
That bright, that glorious boy.

E'en you who ſeem to want for nought,
May miſs ſome good that comes unſought
To ſuch a wight as I :

For

For you tho' flocks unnumber'd ſtray,
And from your door each op'ning day
Your fatt'ning herds you ſpy;

The beſt broad-cloth your ſhoulders grace,
And on the road, or in the chaſe,
A gen'rous ſteed you ride;
And tho' you never courted fame,
Yet more reſpect attends your name,
Than wealth could e'er provide.

The Fates preſiding at my birth,
Inſtead of theſe, decreed me mirth
To ſoothe a vacant ſob:
A cabbage-garden, five yards long,
A head to frame an idle ſong,
And ſcorn the black-guard mob.

STANZAS

ON THE DEATH OF A YOUNG LADY, ELDEST DAUGHTER OF A VERY PARTICULAR FRIEND OF THE AUTHOR'S, WHO DIED IN THE NINETEENTH YEAR OF HER AGE.

ETERNAL goodneſs rules this ball;
And Heav'n's decrees are juſt and wiſe:
Yet, age and folly dread no fall,
For youth expires, and virtue dies.

Enchanting maid! could beauty ſave,
Or innocence avert our doom;
Or worth protect us from the grave,
Thou hadſt not found an early tomb!

In poliſh'd life though form'd to ſhine,
A ſtranger thou to vain parade!
Though each accompliſh'd gift was thine;
Thy modeſt graces lov'd the ſhade!

To aid and ſuccour the diſtreſt,
Thy infant hands were early led;
How oft has want its moan ſuppreſt,
To bleſs the babe that gave it bread *!

O born to all that could endear
A daughter's or a ſiſter's part!
Go, practiſe in a brighter ſphere
Thoſe duties which had all thy heart!

* That relief, which in thoſe remote places is ſeldom or never withheld from the ſuit of indigence, was in this excellent family always adminiſtered by the hands of their children: and as this was generally the office of the youngeſt, they were thus accuſtomed to the practice of benevolence, even before they knew it to be a virtue.

Enough, my child, her Maker cries—
" Some ſwift-wing'd ſpirit haſte below,
" And break at once all earthly ties;
" But ſoft, and gentle, be the blow!"

Though ſoft and gentle was the ſtroke,
Yet, ah, too ſure, for us it ſped!
And now the ſilver chord is broke *!
And now her mortal part is dead.

Yet ſtill in death, the aſpect meek,
The placid look and ſmile were giv'n;
And ere the roſes left her cheek,
Her ſoul was on its way to Heav'n.

* Eccl. xii. 6.

HORACE,

HORACE, *ODE XVII.—BOOK II.*

IMITATED IN THE SCOTTISH DIALECT.

To an Hypochondriac Friend.

Cur me querelis exanimas tuis ?

I WINNA hear't ! Sae ha'd yer tongue !
A chiel like ye, baith ſtout and young,
To pine and grieve and be ſae dung,
'Bout nought adow !
Gif I could reach ye wi' a rung,
I'd claw yer pow !

My lad, if aince ye pay yer groat,
And ſet yer fit in Charon's boat,

Let Orpheus ſing and rax his throat
E'en till it crack ;
I'ſe wad my better Sunday's coat,
Ye ne'er win back !

But tent me, Jock, and hear my aith—
Gif ye're ſae firm reſolv'd on death,
I ſwear I'ſe e'en be verra laith
To ſtay behin' :
Sae an ye die ye kill us baith,
And that's a ſin.

When twinn'd o' thee, this warly ſcene
Wad ſeem a deſert to my een.
Thegither then we'ſe ſleep between
The grave's cauld wa's :
Or flit aneth the moon's pale ſheen,
Twa boggle bo's.

Whether

Whether a ſtarn o' blink benign,
Or ſome ill-deedy, ſpitefu' ſign,
Did ſhape this wee-bit life o' mine,
I little care;
I ken my fate is link'd wi' thine,
And ſeek nae mair.

But gif ye win aboon this bout,
(As that ye will I ha' nae doubt)
In droves yer friens will ſpere ye out
At Cairel fair!
Wow man, they 'll mak' a dinſome route
About ye there!

Tho' ſweer to do't, yet I maun tell
What lately happen'd to myſel',
I 've learn'd at laſt, what 'tis to mell
Wi' fops and fools;
For, aince they 're rais'd, they 're unco ſnell
At breakin' ſkulls.

'Twas

'Twas but laſt owk, nae farther gane,
A creature aim'd, wi' might and main,
A bottle at my pericraun',
To lay me low;
But Pallas gied me rowth o' bane,
To bide the blow.

Syne when our waes are o'er and done,
We'ſe meet ſome canny afternoon,
And toaſt ilk kindly pow'r aboon,
I' blude red wine;
Your ſhot s'all be a white hauf crown,
A ſaxpence mine!

DECEMBER.

AN ODE.

CLAD in a veſt of Alpine ſnow,
December ſteals along;
No more the whiſpering zephyrs blow,
That ſwell'd the woodland ſong.
Yet ſhall the Muſe attempt to ſoar,
Amid the howling tempeſt's roar,
And Nature's faded beauties ſing;
If ſhe my ſtrain will ſtoop to hear,
Whoſe ſmiles can glad the drooping year,
And give eternal ſpring.

From

From the damp South, on many a pile,
The gathering vapours roll;
And, brooding on our fated iſle,
Depreſs the human ſoul!
Low droops the mind with fears unknown—
And hark! What means that dreadful groan?
Mortal, forbear the deſp'rate blow!
Forbear, raſh man, to lift the knife
Againſt thy own poor fleeting life,
Nor brave eternal woe *!

To happier climes, and brighter themes,
The ſhudd'ring fancy flies,
And pants for bright Arcadian ſtreams,
Or Gallia's cloudleſs ſkies:

* It may perhaps be objected that the circumſtances here enumerated are miſplaced; as it is almoſt proverbial to apply them to November.—Yet if the cauſe be rightly aſſigned, the effects of a gloomy atmoſphere are often as ſeverely felt in this month as in any other.

But

But blood-ſtain'd Anarchy here reigns;
There Deſpotiſm, with whips and chains,
Hath dimm'd the intellectual ray!
The ſtorm that raves round Thule's coaſt,
Or binds the polar world in froſt,
Is not more fell than they.

The ſhort-liv'd day now cloſes faſt,
All joyleſs, dim, and pale;
And, riſing on the humid blaſt,
Dark night o'erſpreads the vale:
While from the cliff, with wood o'erhung,
Plies the ſad owl her nightly ſong;
The rous'd-up torrent foams below;
O'er the wild heath's extended bounds
The diſtant Abbey clock reſounds;
And dancing meteors glow.

But ſee, no longer drown'd in tears,
The day begins to dawn!

And half perceiv'd the cot appears
  Acroſs the whiten'd lawn;
The glimmering ſtream forgets to flow;
The hare trips cautious through the ſnow,
  And to her ſecret covert flies;
Now, too, the blackbird quits the brake;
And, burſting from the icy lake,
  The mallard cleaves the ſkies.

Thus from the world's tumultuous noiſe,
  Midſt woods and groves and fields,
Be mine the calm and temp'rate joys
  The face of Nature yields:
There each ambitious wiſh ſuppreſt;
There ev'ry paſſion ſooth'd to reſt,
  Save that which prompts the ſhepherd's lay;
There, loſt in thought, Tyne's banks along,
Pleas'd let me frame the rural ſong,
  And ſaunter life away.

MAY MORNING.

NOW gloomy winter quite is fled;
Now genial ſpring adorns the mead;
Once more the ſongſters crowd the ſpray,
And ſweetly warble—This is May!

No more heard dreadful through the grove,
The winds their bluſt'ring fury prove;
(But zephyrs now, and ſighing gales,)
They gently waft Love's melting tales.

Wake then, my Fair! My Love, ariſe!
From ſleep unveil thoſe beauteous eyes!
Haſte, dear Caliſta, come away;
For this is Nature's holiday!

Hark,

Hark, from ten thouſand tuneful throats,
A mingled tide of muſic floats!
Come, then, and aid the gen'ral ſong,
With ſweeter muſic from thy tongue.

'Tis Love inſpires their varied lays;
Love, ev'ry vital breaſt obeys.
Shall we alone then rebels prove?
Shall we not own the voice of Love?

Thou dear enſlayer of my youth;
Thou fair compound of love and truth;
Thou theme of my firſt artleſs lay,
Thy Shepherd calls—Oh come away!

For thee, each morn, the young-ey'd Spring
Her earlieſt gifts ſhall duteous bring:
To thee, each flow'r that drinks the day
Its fragrant ſweets ſhall cheerful pay.

Now from the world then let us ſteal,
And rove adown yon winding dale,
To hear how from the whit'ning thorn
The wood-lark wakes the breezy morn.

And there while arm in arm we ſtray,
Of thee I'll ſing the live-long day;
Fair Eden too ſhall catch the theme,
And echo back thy darling name.

Come then, O come! and when my fair
Shall on the verdant plain appear,
Th' expecting nymphs and ſwains ſhall ſay,
Lo, yonder comes the Queen of May!

THE BON VIVANT's WISH.

TO A COUNTRY ACQUAINTANCE WHO WAS AT ONCE AN HUMBLE VOTARY BOTH OF BACCHUS AND THE MUSES.

" And thou, O ———, with thy lateſt breath,
" Shalt feel thy ruling paſſion ſtrong in death."

POPE.

A CLEAN ſwept houſe, a blazing fire,
A large arm-chair at eaſe to loll;
Nor wealth nor honours I deſire,
Give me but theſe, a friend and bowl.

Come, Tankarinda, lovely maid,
Oh haſte to my expecting arms
In all thy ruddy ſmiles array'd,
And let me riot in thy charms!

Thou

Thou art my muſe, my life, my joy!
To thee all other nymphs give place;
Time can their brighteſt bloom deſtroy,
But adds new beauties to thy face.

When thou art nigh, dear charming fair,
How faſt, how ſweet my ideas roll!
I ſoar through boundleſs fields of air,
And ſtretch my thoughts from pole to pole *!

Bacchus, my all I yield to thee,
Nor bailiffs, duns or debts I fear;
Then, great propitious Deity,
O deign to hear thy ſuppliant's pray'r.

* Imit.

——— Quæ nemora aut quos agor in ſpecus,
Velox mente novâ?

HOR.

Grant me this boon, and only this—
A mighty tub fill'd to the brim :
That I may plunge in ſeas of bliſs,
And, like a ſturgeon, drink and ſwim !

And when the tyrant Death draws nigh,
And rears aloft his fatal dart,
I'll yield my breath without a ſigh,
And, dying, ſtill will graſp the quart.

And when I fall, (for fall I muſt—)
If dying words can aught avail,
Let me not mix with common duſt,
But ſleep within my tub of ale.

Nor coſtly tombſtone let me have,
No pompous lines, but only thoſe—
" Here reſts a Hero in this grave,
" Who dy'd a Martyr to the cauſe."

BURNING OF TOM PAINE IN EFFIGY,

AT WARK, IN NORTHUMBERLAND,

IN THE YEAR 1793.

SONG.

WHAT arm will refuſe to unite in our cauſe—
The defence of our Sov'reign, our Church, and our
Laws?
From all Innovators we wiſh to keep clear;
Their maxims we hate, tho' their plots we don't fear.
Derry down, &c.

Let wretches, eſcap'd from the whip and the chain,
By treaſons and ſlaughters their purpoſe maintain;
But Britons, with ſafety, may let the world ſee,
That they will be loyal—becauſe they are free!

Let France to the nations around her declare
The exquiſite pleaſure of feaſting on air;
But we, while poſſeſs'd of our beef and ſtrong ale,
Are aware of ſly Reynard bereft of his tail.

Let traitors, their boundleſs ambition to cloak,
Call order a grievance, and ſcripture a joke:
But to Britons and Chriſtians that doctrine ſounds odd,
Which murders a King, and which libels a God!

Let Paine, with falſe pity, the deſtiny mock
Of a Monarch whoſe head he has help'd to the block:
Thus holy Inquiſitors think it no ſhame
To entreat for the wretch they've conſign'd to the flame.

Let foreign Enthuſiaſts madly agree
To ruin whole countries in planting a tree!

While Britain can furniſh the plant we adore,
We'll ſeek no exotic from Gallia's rude ſhore.

In this happy iſland may concord and peace,
And commerce and plenty for ever increaſe,
In ſpite of that Demon whoſe ill-boding eye
Would blaſt the fair proſpect it cannot enjoy.

Here's a health to our Sov'reign, and long may he reign,
To the great grief of Frenchmen, H—e T—e, and Tom Paine!
O come then, my brothers, and loud let us ſing
The heart-cheering chorus of GOD SAVE THE KING!

STANZAS

ON PARTING WITH MISS C—Y, AFTER ACCOMPANYING HER PART OF THE WAY TOWARDS NEWCASTLE-UPON-TYNE, ON HER RETURN FROM A VISIT IN THE COUNTRY.

MILD be the morn and bright the ſkies!
Since Fate forbids her longer ſtay,
May each fair proſpect round her riſe,
That can deceive the tedious way.

'Twas thus, regardleſs of the ſtroke,
That ſoon muſt rend my breaſt with pain,
For her dear ſake my wiſhes ſpoke,
Nor did I intercede in vain.

For ſee, propitious to my vows,
The morning dawns with look ſerene!
Nor does the gentle Maid refuſe
To let me ſhare the rural ſcene.

As onwards now we trace the plain,
Where Tyne's hoarſe murmurs ſtrike the ear;
Where riſing plenty cheers the ſwain,
And Flora's earlieſt gifts appear:

The lark ſuſpends his tow'ring flight,
To charm her as ſhe rides along;
He quits the liquid fields of light,
And gives Caliſta all his ſong.

For this, ſweet bird, may no rude boy
With ruthleſs hands thy brood moleſt,
No felon hawk thy life annoy,
Nor tear thy partner from thy breaſt!

But ſoon the pleaſing ſpell is broke!
Come take, fond man, a ſad adieu—
And now the painful word is ſpoke;
And now ſhe fades upon the view.

Be ſtill, my heart—ah, gently beat!
Not yet Caliſta diſappears!
The ſtraining eye beholds her yet!
Her voice ſtill ſounds in fancy's ears!

Thus, from ſome mountain's pine-clad brow,
That ſhades the Oby's frozen ſtream,
The native eyes th' expanſe below
To catch the ſun's laſt parting beam.

O could my ſoul for one ſhort day
This penſive, anxious frame deſert;
Purſue my charmer on her way,
And act her guardian angel's part!

The gales that now too rudely blow
Should ſoon ſuppreſs their breath ſo keen;
Nor ſhould the ſun intenſely glow,
Without a ſhade to intervene.

I'd hover round the beauteous maid,
And guard her breaſt from ev'ry care;
And much I'd deem my toil o'erpaid,
If but one thought of me was there.

THE

THE REFORMIST.

A TALE FROM FACT.

'TIS ſtrange, how in this land of ours,
That each conceited elf
Aſpires to guide the wheel of ſtate,
Yet cannot guide himſelf.

Ye Patriots then, of ev'ry ſize,
That can ſo ſhrewdly rail
At titled rogues, and knaves in pow'r,
Come liſten to my tale:

Not

Not fifty miles from Chollerford,
Three ſpirits choice, and brave,
Had met to ſpend a Chriſtmas groat,
And eke the ſtate to ſave.

To ſave the State! A glorious taſk,
For which their names ſhall live
In deathleſs ſong: 'tis all the meed
The grateful Muſe can give.

The ale was ſtout; mine hoſt from home;
What more could they deſire?
Behold them then in converſe high,
Around the kitchen fire.

But one by far outſtripp'd the reſt
In loudneſs and grimace;
For now he ſcreams in treble pipes,
Now growls in double baſs.

His ſallow frame, by endleſs Lent,
Was to a ſpectre brought;
In him the proverb ſcarce would hold,
Of better fed than taught.

For well he deem'd that carnal meals
Conſume both time and pence;
But faſting ſets the wits afloat,
And ſharpens ev'ry ſenſe *.

"Then ponder well, ye parents dear,"
That ſend your babes to learn,
If you a certain pedagogue
Can in this trait diſcern.

But

* Leſt the good-natured reader ſhould be under ſome concern on this gentleman's account, the author begs leave to aſſure him that this abſtinence was altogether

But now of dire events to hear,
He bids the world prepare,
And ſtill to give his words more weight,
He mounts upon a chair.

So have I ſeen, beneath that tree,
Which ends all earthly woe,
A wight exalted on a cart
Addreſs the crowd below.

And who can tell, aſpiring youth,
But from that humble chair
Thy fortune yet may raiſe thee up
To ſoar aloft in air?

gether voluntary, and proceeded from a certain principle in the conſtitution which Virgil calls "Auri ſacra Fames."

His

His brethren twain admiring ſate,
While thus the Patriot ſpoke:
" My friends, the time at laſt arrives,
" When we ſhall break our yoke.

" The Conſtitution grows infirm,
" And haſtens to decay;
" But if you'd have its ſtrength renew'd,
" Attend to what I ſay.

" In vain for this you ſearch the ſchools;
" In vain are volumes read;
" My univerſal noſtrum is,
" To make the heels the head.

" Or, if you like to deal in blood,
" And boggle not at murder,
" There's nothing like a guillotine
" Our noble cauſe can further.

" Thus

" Thus, to reſtore old Æſon's youth*,
" His ſon's moſt loving wife
" In pieces hew'd the aged chief
" With a large carving-knife.

" Soon ſhall this wither'd ſire of mine
" Become a man of mettle——
" She ſays; then takes the quivering limbs
" And throws them in the kettle.

" The maſs now boils, it joins, it lives—
" He jumps out of the pot,
" And ſkipp'd and caper'd round the room,
" A real SANS CULOTTE.

" So, Phœnix-like, when in the flames
" This kingdom ſhall expire;
" A conſtitution ſound and young
" Shall riſe from out the fire.

* Ovid. lib. vii.

" Then who like us, my hearts of oak,
" When we to plund'ring fall?
" This houſe and all it holds be yours,
" I aſk but Cheſter's-Hall *."

So far, ſo good—What follow'd next
Indeed I'm loth to name;
But, Robert, I muſt tell the truth,
Tho' it ſhould cauſe thee ſhame.

Nanny, from what ſhe'd ſeen and heard,
At once grew wondrous ſad;
And breathleſs to her miſtreſs runs,
" Why, Ma'am, yon man is mad!

* A gentleman's ſeat in that neighbourhood, which cost upwards of 12,000l. in building. Quere, Was not this diviſion conſiſtent with equality?

" H

" He ſwears he'll ſet the houſe on fire,
" And talks of wars and ſlaughters;
" Nay more—he'll cut old wives to bits,
" And raviſh all their daughters.

" Now what ſhall we poor ſervants do,
" If ſuch a vile diſaſter?—
" But hark! What means that ſudden noiſe?
" Pray Heav'n it be my maſter!"

And ſo it was—for unperceiv'd
He'd heard the whole oration;
Then ruſhing on the man of blood,
He kick'd him from his ſtation.

From ſuch an unpolite ſalute
In haſte our hero flies;
When, ſnug—behind the outward door
Two huge * wheat loaves he ſpies.

* See the latter part of the note at the end of this.

If ſuch temptations will occur,
What ſhall frail creatures do?
Yet one he only made his prize;
He could not carry two.

Thus, when oppreſs'd by ſtronger foes,
A ſkilful gen'ral flies;
He waſtes the country in his rear,
And cuts off their ſupplies.

Great was his ſpeed, and great his joy—
(The reck'ning too forgot!)
But yet 'twas pleaſure mix'd with pain,
For why? the loaf was hot;

And, being preſs'd beneath his arm,
His fleſh did ſore aſſail:
Yet ſtill he runs, and ſtill it ſmokes:
Which almoſt ends my tale.

For having got it ſafely home,
And laid his burthen down;
"This bread," ſays he, "to-morrow morn
"Shall fetch me half-a-crown."

And ſo it did—For now at laſt
The time was brought about,
When ſchool-boys break through all reſtraint,
And bar the maſters out *.

Ill-

* The rude cuſtom of barring out, which is ſtill kept up in the country ſchools of the North, is thus conducted. The boys having, either by ſtratagem or aſſault, obtained poſſeſſion of the ſchool-room at an early hour of the morning previous to the vacation, oblige the maſter upon his arrival to enter into a kind of treaty with them, the terms of which are propoſed by the ſenior boys; who, intoxicated with their newly-acquired power, and encouraged by the acclamations of their companions, diſdain to ſurrender but upon what they conſider the moſt honourable terms. Theſe

 are:

Ill-fated loaf! thy ample form
Muſt many a mouth regale!
To hungry imps thou fall'ſt a prey,
Intomb'd in fruit and ale!

are: the prolongation of the period for play, the exemption from taſks during that period, and a variety of other conditions, for the true performance of which, each of the ſtipulating parties has ſometimes a guarantee. Every thing at length being adjuſted, the doors are thrown open, and the maſter admitted, who in ſome meaſure recovers his former authority; a general ſubſcription is now entered into for ale, fruit, and wheaten bread.—I ſay wheaten bread—becauſe that is a luxury which even the middling ranks of ſociety in the North do but occaſionally indulge in. From this frugal regale, however, each retires to his reſpective home, as alert and as happy as any alderman from his calipaſh and calipee.

BRITISH
2 SE76
MUSEUM

GLOSSARY

TO THE

SCOTTISH TERMS

THAT OCCUR IN THE WORK.

A',	*All.*
Aboon,	*Above.*
Aff,	*Off.*
Aft,	*Often.*
An,	*If.*
Ainee,	*Once.*
Amang,	*Among.*
Aneth,	*Beneath.*
Aith,	*Oath.*
Baith,	*Both.*
Behin,	*Behind.*
Beſom,	*a Broom.*
Blink,	*a twinkling Light.*
Boggle-bo,	*a Ghoſt, a Hobgoblin.*

Bane,

Bane, or Bain,	*Bone.*
Bide,	*Bear.*
Blude, or Bluid,	*Blood.*
Cairel,	*Carliſle.*
Cauld,	*Cold.*
Canny,	*Convenient, agreeable, good, well-diſpoſed, decent, &c.*
Caff,	*Chaff.*
Chapman,	*Pedlar.*
Chafts,	*Chops.*
Chiel, or Chield,	*a Man.*
Claiſe,	*Clothes.*
Claw,	*Scratch.*
Deil,	*Devil.*
Dinſome,	*Noiſy.*
Doff,	*Strip off.*
Domine,	*Schoolmaſter.*
Dung,	*Abaſhed, diſconcerted.*
Doubtfu,	*Doubtful.*
Een,	*Eyes.*
Fit,	*Foot.*
Fowk,	*Folks, people.*

Friens,

Friens, or Freens,	*Friends.*
Gar,	*To cauſe, compel.*
Gang,	*Go.*
Gear,	*Money, goods, &c.*
Gie,	*Give.*
Gied,	*Gave.*
Gif,	*If.*
Ha'	*Contrac. Have.*
Ha'd,	*Hold.*
Hag,	*Carry.*
Het,	*Hot.*
Himſel,	*Himſelf.*
I',	*In.*
Ilk,	*Each.*
Ill-deedy,	*Miſchievous.*
I'ſe,	*I ſhall.*
Jock,	*John.*
Ken,	*Know.*
Kindly,	*Propitious.*
Kirk,	*Church.*
Langeſt,	*Longeſt.*
Loon,	*An idle fellow.*

Mair,

Mair,	*More.*
Mak',	*Make.*
Mell,	*Meddle.*
Mony,	*Many.*
Myſel,	*Myſelf.*
Na,	*Not.*
Nae farther gane,	*No longer ago.*
Needna,	*Need not.*
Ne'ſt,	*Next.*
Nought adow,	*An object of no worth.*
Nae,	*No.*
O',	*Of.*
Ony,	*Any.*
O'er an done,	*Paſt and ended.*
Owk,	*Week.*
Pericraun, } Pow, }	*Head.*
Rax,	*Stretch.*
Rowth,	*Plenty.*
Rung,	*A ſtick.*
Sae,	*So.*
Saunt,	*Saint.*

Scant,

Scant,	*Scarce, ſhort of.*
Sheen,	*Luſtre.*
Simmer,	*Summer.*
Stown,	*Stolen.*
Syne,	*So, then, ſince.*
S'all,	*Shall.*
Starn,	*Star.*
Spitefu',	*Spiteful.*
Spere,	*Aſk, enquire.*
Sweer,	*Loath.*
Snell,	*Sharp, quick.*
Saxpence,	*Sixpence.*
Tak',	*Take.*
Tent me,	*Attend to me, liſten.*
Thegither,	*Together.*
Thriftleſs,	*Waſteful, infamous.*
Twinn'd,	*Deprived of, ſeparated from.*
Unco,	*Very, very great.*
Vera, verra,	*Very.*
Wark,	*Work.*
Warly,	*Worldly.*
Wad,	*Bet, lay.*

Wad,	*Would.*
Wa's,	*Walls.*
Whew,	*Whiſtle.*
Wi',	*With.*
Wee-bit,	*Diminutive of Little.*
Win,	*Verb of motion, to go, to come, to arrive; ſometimes to get, to earn, to dwell.*
We'ſe,	*We ſhall.*
Wow,	*An interjection of admiration or ſurpriſe.*
Winna,	*Will not.*
Ye,	*Uſed indiſcriminately for thou, thee, you.*
Yer,	*Your.*

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FINIS.